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SONNETS  
AND OTHER VERSES



# Sonnets And Other Verses

By  
GEORGE SANTAYANA



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# SONNETS

FIRST SERIES



# I

I SOUGHT on earth a garden of delight,  
Or island altar to the Sea and Air,  
Where gentle music were accounted prayer,  
And reason, veiled, performed the happy rite.  
My sad youth worshipped at the piteous height  
Where God vouchsafed the death of man to share;  
His love made mortal sorrow light to bear,  
But his deep wounds put joy to shamèd flight.  
And though his arms, outstretched upon the tree,  
Were beautiful, and pleaded my embrace,  
My sins were loth to look upon his face.  
So came I down from Golgotha to thee,  
Eternal Mother; let the sun and sea  
Heal me, and keep me in thy dwelling-place.

## II

SLOW and reluctant was the long descent,  
With many farewell pious looks behind,  
And dumb misgivings where the path might wind,  
And questionings of nature, as I went.  
The greener branches that above me bent,  
The broadening valleys, quieted my mind,  
To the fair reasons of the Spring inclined  
And to the Summer's tender argument.  
But sometimes, as revolving night descended,  
And in my childish heart the new song ended,  
I lay down, full of longing, on the steep;  
And, haunting still the lonely way I wended,  
Into my dreams the ancient sorrow blended,  
And with these holy echoes charmed my sleep.

### III

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part !  
It is not wisdom to be only wise,  
And on the inward vision close the eyes,  
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.  
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,  
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies ;  
To trust the soul's invincible surmise  
Was all his science and his only art.  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead  
Across a void of mystery and dread.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine  
By which alone the mortal heart is led  
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

#### IV

I would I had been born in nature's day,  
When man was in the world a wide-eyed boy,  
And clouds of sorrow crossed his sky of joy  
To scatter dewdrops on the buds of May.  
Then could he work and love and fight and pray,  
Nor heartsick grow in fortune's long employ.  
Mighty to build and ruthless to destroy  
He lived, while maskèd death unquestioned lay.  
Now ponder we the ruins of the years,  
And groan beneath the weight of boasted gain;  
No unsung bacchanal can charm our ears  
And lead our dances to the woodland fane,  
No hope of heaven sweeten our few tears  
And hush the importunity of pain.

## V

DREAMT I to-day the dream of yesternight,  
Sleep ever feigning one evolving theme, —  
Of my two lives which should I call the dream?  
Which action vanity? which vision sight?  
Some greater waking must pronounce aright,  
If aught abideth of the things that seem,  
And with both currents swell the flooded stream  
Into an ocean infinite of light.  
Even such a dream I dream, and know full well  
My waking passeth like a midnight spell,  
But know not if my dreaming breaketh through  
Into the deeps of heaven and of hell.  
I know but this of all I would I knew:  
Truth is a dream, unless my dream is true.

## VI

LOVE not as do the flesh-imprisoned men  
Whose dreams are of a bitter bought caress,  
Or even of a maiden's tenderness  
Whom they love only that she loves again.  
For it is but thyself thou lovest then,  
Or what thy thoughts would glory to possess ;  
But love thou nothing thou wouldst love the less  
If henceforth ever hidden from thy ken.  
Love but the formless and eternal Whole  
From whose effulgence one unheeded ray  
Breaks on this prism of dissolving clay  
Into the flickering colours of thy soul.  
These flash and vanish ; bid them not to stay,  
For wisdom brightens as they fade away.



## VII

I WOULD I might forget that I am I,  
And break the heavy chain that binds me fast,  
Whose links about myself my deeds have cast.  
What in the body's tomb doth buried lie  
Is boundless; 't is the spirit of the sky,  
Lord of the future, guardian of the past,  
And soon must forth, to know his own at last.  
In his large life to live, I fain would die.  
Happy the dumb beast, hungering for food,  
But calling not his suffering his own;  
Blessèd the angel, gazing on all good,  
But knowing not he sits upon a throne;  
Wretched the mortal, pondering his mood,  
And doomed to know his aching heart alone.

## VIII

O MARTYRED Spirit of this helpless Whole,  
Who dost by pain for tyranny atone,  
And in the star, the atom, and the stone,  
Purgest the primal guilt, and in the soul;  
Rich but in grief, thou dost thy wealth unroll,  
And givest of thy substance to thine own,  
Mingling the love, the laughter, and the groan  
In the large hollow of the heaven's bowl.  
Fill full my cup; the dregs and honeyed brim  
I take from thy just hand, more worthy love  
For sweetening not the draught for me or him.  
What in myself I am, that let me prove;  
Relent not for my feeble prayer, nor dim  
The burning of thine altar for my hymn.

## IX

HAVE patience ; it is fit that in this wise  
The spirit purge away its proper dross.  
No endless fever doth thy watches toss,  
For by excess of evil, evil dies.  
Soon shall the faint world melt before thine eyes,  
And, all life's losses cancelled by life's loss,  
Thou shalt lay down all burdens on thy cross,  
And be that day with God in Paradise.  
Have patience ; for a long eternity  
No summons woke thee from thy happy sleep ;  
For love of God one vigil thou canst keep  
And add thy drop of sorrow to the sea.  
Having known grief, all will be well with thee,  
Ay, and thy second slumber will be deep.

X

HAVE I the heart to wander on the earth,  
So patient in her everlasting course,  
Seeking no prize, but bowing to the force  
That gives direction and hath given birth?  
Rain tears, sweet Pity, to refresh my dearth,  
And plough my sterile bosom, sharp Remorse,  
That I grow sick and curse my being's source  
If haply one day passes lacking mirth.  
Doth the sun therefore burn, that I may bask?  
Or do the tired earth and tireless sea,  
That toil not for their pleasure, toil for me?  
Amid the world's long striving, wherefore ask  
What reasons were, or what rewards shall be?  
The covenant God gave us is a task.

## XI

DEEM not, because you see me in the press  
Of this world's children run my fated race,  
That I blaspheme against a proffered grace,  
Or leave unlearned the love of holiness.  
I honour not that sanctity the less  
Whose aureole illumines not my face,  
But dare not tread the secret, holy place  
To which the priest and prophet have access.  
For some are born to be beatified  
By anguish, and by grievous penance done ;  
And some, to furnish forth the age's pride,  
And to be praised of men beneath the sun ;  
And some are born to stand perplexed aside  
From so much sorrow — of whom I am one.

## XII

MIGHTIER storms than this are brewed on earth  
That pricks the crystal lake with summer showers.  
The past hath treasure of sublimer hours,  
And God is witness to their changeless worth.  
Big is the future with portentous birth  
Of battles numberless, and nature's powers  
Outdo my dreams of beauty in the flowers,  
And top my revels with the demons' mirth.  
But thou, glad river that hast reached the plain,  
Scarce wak'st the rushes to a slumberous sigh.  
The mountains sleep behind thee, and the main  
Awaits thee, lulling an eternal pain  
With patience ; nor doth Phœbe, throned on high,  
The mirror of thy placid heart disdain.

### XIII

SWEET are the days we wander with no hope  
Along life's labyrinthine trodden way,  
With no impatience at the steep's delay,  
Nor sorrow at the swift-descended slope.  
Why this inane curiosity to grope  
In the dim dust for gems' unmeaning ray?  
Why this proud piety, that dares to pray  
For a world wider than the heaven's cope?  
Farewell, my burden! No more will I bear  
The foolish load of my fond faith's despair,  
But trip the idle race with careless feet.  
The crown of olive let another wear;  
It is my crown to mock the runner's heat  
With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet.

#### XIV

THERE may be chaos still around the world,  
This little world that in my thinking lies ;  
For mine own bosom is the paradise  
Where all my life's fair visions are unfurled.  
Within my nature's shell I slumber curled,  
Unmindtul of the changing outer skies,  
Where now, perchance, some new-born Eros flies,  
Or some old Cronos from his throne is hurled.  
I heed them not ; or if the subtle night  
Haunt me with deities I never saw,  
I soon mine eyelid's drowsy curtain draw  
To hide their myriad faces from my sight.  
They threat in vain ; the whirlwind cannot awe  
A happy snow-flake dancing in the flaw.



XV

A WALL, a wall around my garden rear,  
And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills;  
Give me but one of all the mountain rills,  
Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.  
Come no profane insatiate mortal near  
With the contagion of his passionate ills;  
The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,  
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.  
This spot is sacred to the deeper soul  
And to the piety that mocks no more.  
In nature's inmost heart is no uproar,  
None in this shrine; in peace the heavens roll,  
In peace the slow tides pulse from shore to shore,  
And ancient quiet broods from pole to pole.

## XVI

A THOUSAND beauties that have never been  
Haunt me with hope and tempt me to pursue ;  
The gods, methinks, dwell just behind the blue ;  
The satyrs at my coming fled the green.  
The flitting shadows of the grove between  
The dryads' eyes were winking, and I knew  
The wings of sacred Eros as he flew  
And left me to the love of things not seen.  
'T is a sad love, like an eternal prayer,  
And knows no keen delight, no faint surcease.  
Yet from the seasons hath the earth increase,  
And heaven shines as if the gods were there.  
Had Dian passed there could no deeper peace  
Embalm the purple stretches of the air.

## XVII

THERE was a time when in the teeth of fate  
I flung the challenge of the spirit's right ;  
The child, the dreamer of that visioned night,  
Woke, and was humbled unto man's estate.  
A slave I am ; on sun and moon I wait,  
Who heed not that I live upon their light.  
Me they despise, but are themselves so bright  
They flood my heart with love, and quench my hate.  
O subtle Beauty, sweet persuasive worth  
That didst the love of being first inspire,  
We do thee homage both in death and birth.  
Thirsting for thee, we die in thy great dearth,  
Or borrow breath of infinite desire  
To chase thine image through the haunted earth.

## XVIII

BLASPHEME not love, ye lovers, nor dispraise  
The wise divinity that makes you blind,  
Sealing the eyes, but showing to the mind  
The high perfection from which nature strays.  
For love is God, and in unfathomed ways  
Brings forth the beauty for which fancy pined.  
I loved, and lost my love among mankind;  
But I have found it after many days.  
Oh, trust in God, and banish rash despair,  
That, feigning evil, is itself the curse!  
My angel is come back, more sad and fair,  
And witness to the truth of love I bear,  
With too much rapture for this sacred verse,  
At the exceeding answer to my prayer.

## XIX

ABOVE the battlements of heaven rise  
The glittering domes of the gods' golden dwelling,  
Whence, like a constellation, passion-quelling,  
The truth of all things feeds immortal eyes.  
There all forgotten dreams of paradise  
From the deep caves of memory upwelling,  
All tender joys beyond our dim foretelling  
Are ever bright beneath the flooded skies.  
There we live o'er, amid angelic powers,  
Our lives without remorse, as if not ours,  
And others' lives with love, as if our own;  
For we behold, from those eternal towers,  
The deathless beauty of all wingèd hours,  
And have our being in their truth alone.

XX

THESE strewn thoughts, by the mountain pathway  
sprung,

I coned for comfort, till I ceased to grieve,  
And with these flowering thorns I dare to weave  
The crown, great Mother, on thine altar hung.  
Teach thou a larger speech to my loosed tongue,  
And to mine opened eyes thy secrets give,  
That in thy perfect love I learn to live,  
And in thine immortality be young.  
The soul is not on earth an alien thing  
That hath her life's rich sources elsewhere ;  
She is a parcel of the sacred air.  
She takes her being from the breath of Spring,  
The glance of Phœbus is her fount of light,  
And her long sleep a draught of primal night.

# SONNETS

SECOND SERIES





## XXI

AMONG the myriad voices of the Spring  
What were the voice of my supreme desire,  
What were my cry amid the vernal choir,  
Or my complaint before the gods that sing?  
O too late love, O flight on wounded wing,  
Infinite hope my lips should not suspire,  
Why, when the world is thine, my grief require,  
Or mock my dear-bought patience with thy sting?  
Though I be mute, the birds will in the boughs  
Sing as in every April they have sung,  
And, though I die, the incense of heart-vows  
Will float to heaven, as when I was young.  
But, O ye beauties I must never see,  
How great a lover have you lost in me !

## XXII

'Tis love that moveth the celestial spheres  
In endless yearning for the Changeless One,  
And the stars sing together, as they run  
To number the innumerable years.  
'Tis love that lifteth through their dewy tears  
The roses' beauty to the heedless sun,  
And with no hope, nor any guerdon won,  
Love leads me on, nor end of love appears.  
For the same breath that did awake the flowers,  
Making them happy with a joy unknown,  
Kindled my light and fixed my spirit's goal;  
And the same hand that reined the flying hours  
And chained the whirling earth to Phœbus' throne,  
In love's eternal orbit keeps the soul.

### XXIII

BUT is this love, that in my hollow breast  
Gnaws like a silent poison, till I faint?  
Is this the vision that the haggard saint  
Fed with his vigils, till he found his rest?  
Is this the hope that piloted thy quest,  
Knight of the Grail, and kept thy heart from taint?  
Is this the heaven, poets, that ye paint?  
Oh, then, how like damnation to be blest!  
This is not love: it is that worser thing—  
Hunger for love, while love is yet to learn.  
Thy peace is gone, my soul; thou long must yearn.  
Long is thy winter's pilgrimage, till spring  
And late home-coming; long ere thou return  
To where the seraphs covet not, and burn.

## XXIV

ALTHOUGH I decked a chamber for my bride,  
And found a moonlit garden for the tryst  
Wherein all flowers looked happy as we kissed,  
Hath the deep heart of me been satisfied?  
The chasm 'twixt our spirits yawns as wide  
Though our lips meet, and clasp thee as I list,  
The something perfect that I love is missed,  
And my warm worship freezes into pride.  
But why — O waywardness of nature! — why  
Seek farther in the world? I had my choice,  
And we said we were happy, you and I.  
Why in the forest should I hear a cry,  
Or in the sea an unavailing voice,  
Or feel a pang to look upon the sky?

XXV

As in the midst of battle there is room  
For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;  
As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth  
Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle-gloom;  
As in the crevices of Caesar's tomb  
The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:  
So in this great disaster of our birth  
We can be happy, and forget our doom.  
For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy  
Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,  
And evening gently woos us to employ  
Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;  
Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find  
Despair before us, vanity behind.

## XXVI

OH, if the heavy last unuttered groan  
That lieth here could issue to the air,  
Then might God's peace descend on my despair  
And seal this heart as with a mighty stone.  
For what sin, Heaven, must I thus atone?  
Was it a sin to love what seemed so fair?  
If thou deny me hope, why give me care?  
I have not lived, and die alone, alone.  
This is not new. Many have perished so.  
Long years of nothing, with some days of grief,  
Made their sad life. Their own hand sought relief  
Too late to find it, impotently slow.  
I know, strong Fate, the trodden way I go.  
Joy lies behind me. Be the journey brief.

## XXVII

SLEEP hath composed the anguish of my brain,  
And ere the dawn I will arise and pray.  
Strengthen me, Heaven, and attune my lay  
Unto my better angel's clear refrain.  
For I can hear him in the night again,  
The breathless night, snow-smothered, happy, grey,  
With premonition of the jocund day,  
Singing a quiet carol to my pain.  
Slowly, saith he, the April buds are growing  
In the chill core of twigs all leafless now ;  
Gently, beneath the weight of last night's snowing,  
Patient of winter's hand, the branches bow.  
Each buried seed lacks light as much as thou.  
Wait for the spring, brave heart ; there is no knowing.

## XXVIII

Out of the dust the queen of roses springs ;  
The brackish depths of the blown waters bear  
Blossoms of foam ; the common mist and air  
Weave Vesper's holy, pity-laden wings.  
So from sad, mortal, and unhallowed things  
Bud stars that in their crowns the angels wear ;  
And worship of the infinitely fair  
Flows from thine eyes, as wise Petrarca sings :  
"Hence comes the understanding of love's scope,  
That, seeking thee, to perfect good aspires,  
Accounting little what all flesh desires ;  
And hence the spirit's happy pinions ope  
In flight impetuous to the heaven's choirs :  
Wherefore I walk already proud in hope."



## XXIX

WHAT riches have you that you deem me poor,  
Or what large comfort that you call me sad?  
Tell me what makes you so exceeding glad:  
Is your earth happy or your heaven sure?  
I hope for heaven, since the stars endure  
And bring such tidings as our fathers had.  
I know no deeper doubt to make me mad,  
I need no brighter love to keep me pure.  
To me the faiths of old are daily bread;  
I bless their hope, I bless their will to save,  
And my deep heart still meaneth what they said.  
It makes me happy that the soul is brave,  
And, being so much kinsman to the dead,  
I walk contented to the peopled grave.

### XXX

LET my lips touch thy lips, and my desire  
Contagious fever be, to set a-glow  
The blood beneath thy whiter breast than snow —  
Wonderful snow, that so can kindle fire !  
Abandon to what gods in us conspire  
Thy little wisdom, sweetest ; for they know.  
Is it not something that I love thee so ?  
Take that from life, ere death thine all require.  
But no ! Then would a mortal warmth disperse  
That beauteous snow to water-drops, which, turned  
To marble, had escaped the primal curse.  
Be still a goddess, till my heart have burned  
Its sacrifice before thee, and my verse  
Told this late world the love that I have learned.

XXXI

A BROTHER'S love, but that I chose thee out  
From all the world, not by the chance of birth,  
But in the risen splendour of thy worth,  
Which, like the sun, put all my stars to rout.  
A lover's love, but that it bred no doubt  
Of love returned, no heats of flood and dearth,  
But, asking nothing, found in all the earth  
The consolation of a heart devout.  
A votary's love, though with no pale and wild  
Imaginations did I stretch the might  
Of a sweet friendship and a mortal light.  
Thus in my love all loves are reconciled  
That purest be, and in my prayer the right  
Of brother, lover, friend, and eremite.

## XXXII

LET not thy bosom, to my foes allied,  
Insult my sorrow with this coat of mail,  
When for thy strong defence, if love assail,  
Thou hast the world, thy virtue, and my pride.  
But if thine own dear eyes I see beside  
Sharpened against me, then my strength will fail,  
Abandoning sail and rudder to the gale  
For thy sweet sake alone so long defied.  
If I am poor, in death how rich and brave  
Will seem my spirit with the love it gave;  
If I am sad, I shall seem happy then.  
Be mine, be mine in God and in the grave,  
Since naught but chance and the insensate wave  
Divides us, and the wagging tongue of men.

### XXXIII

A PERFECT love is nourished by despair.  
I am thy pupil in the school of pain ;  
Mine eyes will not reproach thee for disdain,  
But thank thy rich disdain for being fair.  
Aye ! the proud sorrow, the eternal prayer  
Thy beauty taught, what shall unteach again ?  
Hid from my sight, thou livest in my brain ;  
Fled from my bosom, thou abidest there.  
And though they buried thee, and called thee dead,  
And told me I should never see thee more,  
The violets that grew above thy head  
Would waft thy breath and tell thy sweetness o'er,  
And every rose thy scattered ashes bred  
Would to my sense thy loveliness restore.

#### XXXIV

THOUGH destiny half broke her cruel bars,  
Herself contriving we should meet on earth,  
And with thy beauty fed my spirit's dearth  
And tuned to love the ages' many jars,  
Yet there is potency in natal stars ;  
And we were far divided in our birth  
By nature's gifts and half the planet's girth,  
And speech, and faith, and blood, and ancient wars.  
Alas ! thy very radiance made division,  
Thy youth, thy friends, and all men's eyes that wooed ;  
Thy simple kindness came as in derision  
Of so much love and so much solitude ;  
Or did the good gods order all to show  
How far the single strength of love can go ?

## XXXV

WE needs must be divided in the tomb,  
For I would die among the hills of Spain,  
And o'er the treeless melancholy plain  
Await the coming of the final gloom.  
But thou — O pitiful! — wilt find scant room  
Among thy kindred by the northern main,  
And fade into the drifting mist again,  
The hemlocks' shadow, or the pines' perfume.  
Let gallants lie beside their ladies' dust  
In one cold grave, with mortal love inurned;  
Let the sea part our ashes, if it must.  
The souls fled thence which love immortal burned,  
For they were wedded without bond of lust,  
And nothing of our heart to earth returned.

## XXXVI

WE were together, and I longed to tell  
How drop by silent drop my bosom bled.  
I took some verses full of you, and read,  
Waiting for God to work some miracle.  
They told how love had plunged in burning hell  
One half my soul, while the other half had fled  
Upon love's wings to heaven; and you said:  
"I like the verses; they are written well."  
If I had knelt confessing "It is you,  
You are my torment and my rapture too,"  
I should have seen you rise in flushed disdain:  
"For shame to say so, be it false or true!"  
And the sharp sword that ran me through and through,  
On your white bosom too had left a stain.



### XXXVII

AND I was silent. Now you do not know,  
But read these very words with vacant eyes,  
And, as you turn the page, peruse the skies,  
And I go by you as a cloud might go.  
You are not cruel, though you dealt the blow,  
And I am happy, though I miss the prize ;  
For, when God tells you, you will not despise  
The love I bore you. It is better so.  
My soul is just, and thine without a stain.  
Why should not life divide us, whose division  
Is frail and passing, as its union vain?  
All things 'neath other planets will grow plain  
When, as we wander through the fields Elysian,  
Eternal echoes haunt us of this pain.

### XXXVIII

OH, not for me, for thee, dear God, her head  
Shines with this perfect golden aureole,  
For thee this sweetness doth possess her soul,  
And to thy chambers are her footsteps led.  
The light will live that on my path she shed,  
While any pilgrim yet hath any goal,  
And heavenly musicians from their scroll  
Will sing all her sweet words, when I am dead.  
In her unspotted heart is steadfast faith  
Fed on high thoughts, and in her beauteous face  
The fountain of the love that conquers death;  
And as I see her in her kneeling-place,  
A Gabriel comes, and with inaudible breath  
Whispers within me: Hail, thou full of grace.

### XXXIX

THE world will say, "What mystic love is this?  
What ghostly mistress? What angelic friend?"  
Read, masters, your own passion to the end,  
And tell me then if I have writ amiss.  
When all loves die that hang upon a kiss,  
And must with cavil and with chance contend,  
Their risen selves with the eternal blend  
Where perfect dying is their perfect bliss.  
And might I kiss her once, asleep or dead,  
Upon the forehead or the globèd eyes,  
Or where the gold is parted on her head,  
That kiss would help me on to paradise  
As if I kissed the consecrated bread  
In which the buried soul of Jesus lies.

## XL

IF, when the story of my love is old,  
This book should live and lover's leisure feed,  
Fair characterized, for bluest eye to read,  
And richly bound, for whitest hand to hold, —  
O limn me then this lovely head in gold,  
And, limner, the soft lips and lashes heed,  
And set her in the midst, my love indeed,  
The sweet eyes tender, and the broad brow cold.  
And never let thy colours think to cast  
A brighter splendour on her beauties past,  
Or venture to disguise a fancied flaw ;  
Let not thy painting falsify my rhyme,  
But perfect keep the mould for after time,  
And let the whole world see her as I saw.

## XLI

YET why, of one who loved thee not, command  
Thy counterfeit, for other men to see,  
When God himself did on my heart for me  
Thy face, like Christ's upon the napkin, brand?  
O how much subtler than a painter's hand  
Is love to render back the truth of thee!  
My soul should be thy glass in time to be,  
And in my thought thine effigy should stand.  
Yet, lest the churlish critics of that age  
Should flout my praise, and deem a lover's rage  
Could gild a virtue and a grace exceed,  
I bid thine image here confront my page,  
That men may look upon thee as they read,  
And cry: Such eyes a better poet need.

## XLII

As when the sceptre dangles from the hand  
Of some king doting, faction runneth wild,  
Thieves shake their chains and traitors, long exiled,  
Hover about the confines of the land,  
Till the young Prince, anointed, takes command,  
Full of high purpose, simple, trustful, mild,  
And, smitten by his radiance undefiled,  
The ruffians are abashed, the cowards stand : —  
So in my kingdom riot and despair  
Lived by thy lack, and called for thy control,  
But at thy coming all the world grew fair ;  
Away before thy face the villains stole,  
And panoplied I rose to do and bear,  
When love his clarion sounded in my soul.

### XLIII

THE candour of the gods is in thy gaze,  
The strength of Dian in thy virgin hand,  
Commanding as the goddess might command,  
And lead her lovers into higher ways.  
Aye, the gods walk among us in these days,  
Had we the docile soul to understand;  
And me they visit in this joyless land,  
To cheer mine exile and receive my praise.  
For once, methinks, before the angels fell,  
Thou, too, didst follow the celestial seven  
Threading in file the meads of asphodel.  
And when thou comest, lady, where I dwell,  
The place is flooded with the light of heaven  
And a lost music I remember well.

#### XLIV

FOR thee the sun doth daily rise, and set  
Behind the curtain of the hills of sleep,  
And my soul, passing through the nether deep,  
Broods on thy love, and never can forget.  
For thee the garlands of the wood are wet,  
For thee the daisies up the meadow's sweep  
Stir in the sidelong light, and for thee weep  
The drooping ferns above the violet.  
For thee the labour of my studious ease  
I ply with hope, for thee all pleasures please,  
Thy sweetness doth the bread of sorrow leaven;  
And from thy noble lips and heart of gold  
I drink the comfort of the faiths of old,  
And thy perfection is my proof of heaven.



## XLV

FLOWER of the world, bright angel, single friend !  
I never asked of Heaven thou shouldst love me ;  
As well ask Heaven's self that spreads above me  
With all his stars about my head to bend  
It is enough my spirit may ascend  
And clasp the good whence nothing can remove me ;  
Enough, if faith and hope and love approve me,  
And make me worthy of the blessed end.  
And as a pilgrim from the path withdraws,  
Seeing Christ carven on the holy rood,  
And breathes an AVE in the solitude,  
So will I stop and pray — for I have cause —  
And in all crossways of my thinking pause  
Before thine image, saying : God is good.

## XLVI

WHEN I survey the harvest of the year  
And from time's threshing garner up the grain,  
What profit have I of forgotten pain,  
What comfort, heart-locked, for the winter's cheer?  
The season's yield is this, that thou art dear,  
And that I love thee, that is all my gain;  
The rest was chaff, blown from the weary brain  
Where now thy treasured image lieth clear.  
How liberal is beauty that, but seen,  
Makes rich the bosom of her silent lover!  
How excellent is truth, on which I lean!  
Yet my religion were a charmed despair,  
Did I not in thy perfect heart discover  
How beauty can be true and virtue fair.

## XLVII

THOU hast no name, or, if a name thou bearest,  
To none it meaneth what it means to me :  
Thy form, the loveliness the world can see,  
Makes not the glory that to me thou wearest.  
Nor thine unuttered thoughts, though they be fairest  
And shaming all that in rude bosoms be :  
All they are but the thousandth part of thee,  
Which thou with blessed spirits haply sharest.  
But incommunicable, peerless, dim,  
Flooding my heart with anguish of despair,  
Thou walkest, love, before me, shade of Him  
Who only liveth, giveth, and is fair.  
And constant ever, though inconstant known,  
In all my loves I worshipped thee alone.

## XLVIII

Of Helen's brothers, one was born to die  
And one immortal, who, the fable saith,  
Gave to the other that was nigh to death  
One half his widowed immortality.  
They would have lived and died alternately,  
Breathing each other's warm transmuted breath,  
Had not high Zeus, who justly ordereth,  
Made them twin stars to shine eternally.  
My heart was dying when thy flame of youth  
Flooded its chambers through my gazing eyes.  
My life is now thy beauty and thy truth.  
Thou wouldst come down, forsaking paradise  
To be my comfort, but by Heaven's ruth  
I go to burn beside thee in the skies.

## XLIX

AFTER grey vigils, sunshine in the heart ;  
After long fasting on the journey, food ;  
After sharp thirst, a draught of perfect good  
To flood the soul, and heal her ancient smart.  
Joy of my sorrow, never can we part ;  
Thou broodest o'er me in the haunted wood,  
And with new music fill'st the solitude  
By but so sweetly being what thou art.  
He who hath made thee perfect, makes me blest.  
O fiery minister, on mighty wings  
Bear me, great love, to mine eternal rest.  
Heaven it is to be at peace with things ;  
Come chaos now, and in a whirlwind's rings  
Engulf the planets. I have seen the best.

## L

THOUGH utter death should swallow up my hope  
And choke with dust the mouth of my desire,  
Though no dawn burst, and no aurean choir  
Sing GLORIA DEO when the heavens ope,  
Yet have I light of love, nor need to grope  
Lost, wholly lost, without an inward fire ;  
The flame that quickeneth the world entire  
Leaps in my breast, with cruel death to cope.  
Hath not the night-environed earth her flowers?  
Hath not my grief the blessed joy of thee?  
Is not the comfort of these singing hours,  
Full of thy perfectness, enough for me?  
They are not evil, then, those hidden powers :  
One love sufficeth an eternity.

## ON A VOLUME OF SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY

WHAT chilly cloister or what lattice dim  
Cast painted light upon this careful page?  
What thought compulsive held the patient sage  
Till sound of matin bell or evening hymn?  
Did visions of the Heavenly Lover swim  
Before his eyes in youth, or did stern rage  
Against rash heresy keep green his age?  
Had he seen God, to write so much of Him?  
Gone is that irrecoverable mind  
With all its phantoms, senseless to mankind  
As a dream's trouble or the speech of birds.  
The breath that stirred his lips he soon resigned  
To windy chaos, and we only find  
The garnered husks of his disused words.

## ON THE DEATH OF A METAPHYSICIAN

UNHAPPY dreamer, who outwinged in flight  
The pleasant region of the things I love,  
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above  
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright  
Warmth of the hearth, — blasphemmer of delight,  
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,  
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,  
The empty horror of abysmal night?  
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!  
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,  
As, in your numbèd spirit's fatal swoon,  
You cried you were a god, or were to be;  
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath  
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.



## ON A PIECE OF TAPESTRY

HOLD high the woof, dear friends, that we may see  
The cunning mixture of its colours rare.  
Nothing in nature purposely is fair, —  
Her mingled beauties never quite agree ;  
But here all vivid dyes that garish be,  
To that tint mellowed which the sense will bear,  
Glow, and not wound the eye that, resting there,  
Lingers to feed its gentle ecstasy.  
Crimson and purple and all hues of wine,  
Saffron and russet, brown and sober green  
Are rich the shadowy depths of blue between ;  
While silver threads with golden intertwine,  
To catch the glimmer of a fickle sheen, —  
All the long labour of some captive queen.

## THE POWER OF ART

Not human art, but living gods alone  
Can fashion beauties that by changing live, —  
Her buds to spring, his fruits to autumn give,  
To earth her fountains in her heart of stone;  
But these in their begetting are o'erthrown,  
Nor may the sentenced minutes find reprieve;  
And summer in the blush of joy must grieve  
To shed his flaunting crown of petals blown.  
We to our works may not impart our breath,  
Nor them with shifting light of life array;  
We show but what one happy moment saith;  
Yet may our hands immortalize the day  
When life was sweet, and save from utter death  
The sacred past that should not pass away.

## GABRIEL

I KNOW thou art a man, thou hast his mould ;  
Thy wings are fancy and a poet's lie,  
Thy halo but the dimness of his eye,  
And thy fair chivalry a legend old.  
Yet I mistrust the truth, and partly hold  
Thou art a herald of the upper sky,  
Where all the truth yet lives that seemed to die,  
And love is never faint nor virtue cold.  
I still would see thee spotless, fervent, calm,  
With heaven in thine eyes, and with the mild  
White lily in one hand, in one the palm,  
Bringing the world that rapture undefiled  
Which Mary knew, when, answering with a psalm  
Thine *Ave*, she conceived her holy Child.

TO W. P.

I

CALM was the sea to which your course you kept,  
Oh, how much calmer than all southern seas !  
Many your nameless mates, whom the keen breeze  
Wafted from mothers that of old have wept.  
All souls of children taken as they slept  
Are your companions, partners of your ease,  
And the green souls of all these autumn trees  
Are with you through the silent spaces swept.  
Your virgin body gave its gentle breath  
Untainted to the gods. Why should we grieve,  
But that we merit not your holy death?  
We shall not loiter long, your friends and I ;  
Living you made it goodlier to live,  
Dead you will make it easier to die.

## II

WITH you a part of me hath passed away;  
For in the peopled forest of my mind  
A tree made leafless by this wintry wind  
Shall never don again its green array.  
Chapel and fireside, country road and bay,  
Have something of their friendliness resigned;  
Another, if I would, I could not find,  
And I am grown much older in a day.  
But yet I treasure in my memory  
Your gift of charity, your mellow ease,  
And the dear honour of your amity;  
For these once mine, my life is rich with these.  
And I scarce know which part may greater be,—  
What I keep of you, or you rob from me.

### III

YOUR ship lies anchored in the peaceful bight  
Until a kinder wind unfurl her sail ;  
Your docile spirit, wingèd by this gale,  
Hath at the dawning fled into the light.  
And I half know why heaven deemed it right  
Your youth, and this my joy in youth, should fail ;  
God hath them still, for ever they avail,  
Eternity hath borrowed that delight.  
For long ago I taught my thoughts to run  
Where all the great things live that lived of yore,  
And in eternal quiet float and soar ;  
There all my loves are gathered into one,  
Where change is not, nor parting any more,  
Nor revolution of the moon and sun.

#### IV

IN my deep heart these chimes would still have rung  
To toll your passing, had you not been dead ;  
For time a sadder mask than death may spread  
Over the face that ever should be young.  
The bough that falls with all its trophies hung  
Falls not too soon, but lays its flower-crowned head  
Most royal in the dust, with no leaf shed  
Unhallowed or unchiselled or unsung.  
And though the after world will never hear  
The happy name of one so gently true,  
Nor chronicles write large this fatal year,  
Yet we who loved you, though we be but few,  
Keep you in whatsoe'er is good, and rear  
In our weak virtues monuments to you.





## ODES



## ODES

### I

WHAT god will choose me from this labouring nation  
To worship him afar, with inward gladness,  
At sunset and at sunrise, in some Persian  
Garden of roses ;

Or under the full moon, in rapturous silence,  
Charmed by the trickling fountain, and the moaning  
Of the death-hallowed cypress, and the myrtle  
Hallowed by Venus?

O for a chamber in an eastern tower,  
Spacious and empty, roofed in odorous cedar,  
A silken soft divan, a woven carpet  
Rich, many-coloured ;

A jug that, poised on her firm head, a negress  
Fetched from the well; a window to the ocean,  
Lest of the stormy world too deep seclusion  
Make me forgetful!

Thence I might watch the vessel-bearing waters  
Beat the slow pulses of the life eternal,  
Bringing of nature's universal travail  
Infinite echoes;

And there at even I might stand and listen  
To thrum of distant lutes and dying voices  
Chanting the ditty an Arabian captive  
Sang to Darius.

So would I dream awhile, and ease a little  
The soul long stifled and the straitened spirit,  
Tasting new pleasures in a far-off country  
Sacred to beauty.

## II

My heart rebels against my generation,  
That talks of freedom and is slave to riches,  
And, toiling 'neath each day's ignoble burden,  
Boasts of the morrow.

No space for noonday rest or midnight watches,  
No purest joy of breathing under heaven !  
Wretched themselves, they heap, to make them happy,  
Many possessions.

But thou, O silent Mother, wise, immortal,  
To whom our toil is laughter, — take, divine one,  
This vanity away, and to thy lover  
Give what is needful : —

A staunch heart, nobly calm, averse to evil,  
The windy sky for breath, the sea, the mountain,  
A well-born, gentle friend, his spirit's brother,  
Ever beside him.

What would you gain, ye seekers, with your striving,  
Or what vast Babel raise you on your shoulders?  
You multiply distresses, and your children  
Surely will curse you.

O leave them rather friendlier gods, and fairer  
Orchards and temples, and a freer bosom!  
What better comfort have we, or what other  
Profit in living,

Than to feed, sobered by the truth of Nature,  
Awhile upon her bounty and her beauty,  
And hand her torch of gladness to the ages  
Following after?

She hath not made us, like her other children,  
Merely for peopling of her spacious kingdoms,  
Beasts of the wild, or insects of the summer,  
Breeding and dying,

But also that we might, half knowing, worship  
The deathless beauty of her guiding vision,  
And learn to love, in all things mortal, only  
What is eternal.

### III

GATHERING the echoes of forgotten wisdom,  
And mastered by a proud, adventurous purpose,  
Columbus sought the golden shores of India  
Opposite Europe.

He gave the world another world, and ruin  
Brought upon blameless, river-loving nations,  
Cursed Spain with barren gold, and made the Andes  
Fiefs of Saint Peter ;

While in the cheerless North the thrifty Saxon  
Planted his corn, and, narrowing his bosom,  
Made covenant with God, and by keen virtue  
Trebled his riches.



What venture hast thou left us, bold Columbus?  
What honour left thy brothers, brave Magellan?  
Daily the children of the rich for pastime  
Circle the planet.

And what good comes to us of all your dangers?  
A smaller earth and smaller hope of heaven.  
Ye have but cheapened gold, and, measuring ocean,  
Counted the islands.

No Ponce de Leon shall drink in fountains,  
On any flowering Easter, youth eternal;  
No Cortes look upon another ocean;  
No Alexander

Found in the Orient dim a boundless kingdom,  
And, clothing his Greek strength in barbarous  
splendour,  
Build by the sea his throne, while sacred Egypt  
Honours his godhead.

The earth, the mother once of godlike Theseus  
And mighty Heracles, at length is weary,  
And now brings forth a spawn of antlike creatures,  
Blackening her valleys,

Inglorious in their birth and in their living,  
Curious and querulous, afraid of battle,  
Rummaging earth for coals, in camps of hovels  
Crouching from winter,

As if grim fate, amid our boastful prating,  
Made us the image of our brutish fathers,  
When from their caves they issued, crazed with terror,  
Howling and hungry.

For all things come about in sacred cycles,  
And life brings death, and light eternal darkness,  
And now the world grows old apace ; its glory  
Passes for ever.

Perchance the earth will yet for many ages  
Bear her dead child, her moon, around her orbit ;  
Strange craft may tempt the ocean streams, new forests  
Cover the mountains.

If in those latter days men still remember  
Our wisdom and our travail and our sorrow,  
They never can be happy, with that burden  
Heavy upon them,

Knowing the hideous past, the blood, the famine,  
The ancestral hate, the eager faith's disaster,  
All ending in their little lives, and vulgar  
Circle of troubles.

But if they have forgot us, and the shifting  
Of sands has buried deep our thousand cities,  
Fell superstition then will seize upon them ;  
Protean error,

Will fill their panting heart with sickly phantoms  
Of sudden blinding good and monstrous evil ;  
There will be miracles again, and torment,  
Dungeon, and fagot, —

Until the patient earth, made dry and barren,  
Sheds all her herbage in a final winter,  
And the gods turn their eyes to some far distant  
Bright constellation.

#### IV

SLOWLY the black earth gains upon the yellow,  
And the caked hill-side is ribbed soft with furrows.  
Turn now again, with voice and staff, my ploughman,  
Guiding thy oxen.

Lift the great ploughshare, clear the stones and  
brambles,  
Plant it the deeper, with thy foot upon it,  
Uprooting all the flowering weeds that bring not  
Food to thy children.

Patience is good for man and beast, and labour  
Hardens to sorrow and the frost of winter.  
Turn then again, in the brave hope of harvest,  
Singing to heaven.

V

OF thee the Northman by his beachèd galley  
Dreamt, as he watched the never-setting Ursa  
And longed for summer and thy light, O sacred  
Mediterranean.

Unseen he loved thee ; for the heart within him  
Knew earth had gardens where he might be blessed,  
Putting away long dreams and aimless, barbarous  
Hunger for battle.

The foretaste of thy languors thawed his bosom ;  
A great need drove him to thy caverned islands  
From the gray, endless reaches of the outer  
Desert of ocean.

He saw thy pillars, saw thy sudden mountains  
Wrinkled and stark, and in their crooked gorges,  
'Neath peeping pine and cypress, guessed the torrent  
Smothered in flowers.

Thine incense to the sun, thy gathered vapours,  
He saw suspended on the flanks of Taurus,  
Or veiling the snowed bosom of the virgin  
Sister of Atlas.

He saw the luminous top of wide Olympus,  
Fit for the happy gods ; he saw the pilgrim  
River, with rains of Ethiopia flooding  
Populous Egypt.

And having seen, he loved thee. His racked spirit,  
By thy breath tempered and the light that clothes thee,  
Forgot the monstrous gods, and made \*of Nature  
Mistress and mother.

The more should I, O fatal sea, before thee  
Of alien words make echoes to thy music ;  
For I was born where first the rills of Tagus  
Turn to the westward,

And wandering long, alas ! have need of drinking  
Deep of the patience of thy perfect sadness,  
O thou that constant through the change of ages,  
Beautiful ever,

Never wast wholly young and void of sorrows,  
Nor ever canst be old, while yet the morning  
Kindles thy ripples, or the golden evening  
Dyes thee in purple.

Thee, willing to be tamed but still untamable,  
The Roman called his own until he perished,  
As now the busy English hover o'er thee,  
Stalwart and noble ;



But all is naught to thee, while no harsh winter  
Congeals thy fountains, and the blown Sahara  
Chokes not with dreadful sand thy deep and placid  
Rock-guarded havens.

Thou carest not what men may tread thy margin ;  
Nor I, while from some heather-scented headland  
I may behold thy beauty, the eternal  
Solace of mortals.



## VARIOUS POEMS



## EASTER HYMN

I LOVE the pious candle-light,  
The boys' fresh voices, void of thought,  
The woman's eager, inward sight  
Of what in vain her heart had sought.

I love the violets at the feet  
Of Jesus, red with some blood-stain;  
I love the cross, and it is sweet  
To make a sacrifice of pain.

Some offer bullocks to the skies;  
Some, incense, with their drowsy praise;  
He brings the gods what most they prize  
Who sorrow on the altar lays.

I love the Virgin's flowering shrine,  
Her golden crown, her jewelled stole,  
The seven dolorous swords that shine  
Around her heart, an aureole.

Thou Mother of a suffering race,  
Whose pangs console us for our birth,  
Reign thou for ever, by the grace  
Of sorrow, Queen of all the earth !

Perchance when Carnival is done,  
And sun and moon go out for me,  
Christ will be God, and I the one  
That in my youth I used to be.

Things all are shadows, shadows all,  
And ghosts within an idiot's brain.  
A little while, they fade and fall;  
A little while, they come again.

Sing softly, choristers ; ye sing

Not faith alone, but doubt and dread.

Ring wildly, Easter bells ; ye ring

For Christ arisen, and hope dead.

## GOOD FRIDAY HYMN

### I

WHEN the Lord Christ paid life with death,  
Beside the cross his Mother stood ;  
She saw her Child yield up his breath,  
She knew the passing of her God.

And He said : Lady, though I go,  
I leave thee not without a son ;  
All men for whom my blood doth flow  
Shall call thee mother, — all for one.

This bitter life is past for me,  
I can thy love no farther prove ;  
But many eyes shall turn to thee :  
Behold thy son in them I love !



And Mary said : So be it done ;  
Be they my children in thy stead ;  
I will love all, who loved but one,  
And in the living see the dead.

## II

MY soul's Lord, too, paid life with death,  
And empty was her wide abode ;  
She saw her child yield up his breath,  
She knew the passing of her God.

And she said : Lord, since thou art gone,  
Thou canst my love no farther prove ;  
But while I live each flower and stone  
Shall bear thy name and prove my love.

## CAPE COD

THE low sandy beach and the thin scrub pine,  
The wide reach of bay and the long sky line, —  
O, I am sick for home !

The salt, salt smell of the thick sea air,  
And the smooth round stones that the ebbtides wear, —  
When will the good ship come ?

The wretched stumps all charred and burned,  
And the deep soft rut where the cartwheel turned, —  
Why is the world so old ?

The lapping wave, and the broad gray sky  
Where the cawing crows and the slow gulls fly,  
Where are the dead untold ?

The thin, slant willows by the flooded bog,  
The huge stranded hulk and the floating log,  
Sorrow with life began !

And among the dark pines, and along the flat shore,  
O the wind, and the wind, for evermore !  
What will become of man ?

## LENTEN GREETING

TO A LADY

THEY must find it sweet to pray  
Who like you have understood  
All the charm of being good,  
All the worth of being gay.  
By the thought that we are clay,  
Is proud grief itself subdued,  
May the secret of the Rood  
In your sorrow be your stay !  
Spring your pleasures will renew,  
For the heart is merry after  
That to Heaven hath been true ;  
And, more low for Lenten calm,  
Then the music of your laughter  
Will have joy as of a psalm.

### DECIMA

SILENT daisies out of reach,  
Maidens of the starry grass,  
Gazing on me as I pass  
With a look too wise for speech,  
Teach me resignation, — teach  
Patience to the barren clod,  
As, above your happier sod,  
Bending to the wind's caress,  
You — unplucked, alas ! — no less  
Sweetly manifest the god.

## A TOAST

SEE this bowl of purple wine,  
Life-blood of the lusty vine !  
All the warmth of summer suns  
In the vintage liquid runs,  
All the glow of winter nights  
Plays about its jewel lights,  
Thoughts of time when love was young  
Lurk its ruby drops among,  
And its deepest depths are dyed  
With delight of friendship tried.  
Worthy offering, I ween,  
For a god or for a queen,  
Is the draught I pour to thee, —  
Comfort of all misery,

Single friend of the forlorn,  
Haven of all beings born,  
Hope when trouble wakes at night,  
And when naught delights, delight.  
Holy Death, I drink to thee ;  
Do not part my friends and me.  
Take this gift, which for a night  
Puts dull leaden care to flight,  
'Thou who takest grief away  
For a night and for a day.

## CHORUS

IMMORTAL love,

Whose essence is this pregnant warmth of air,

O hear my prayer,

And tune my fervent hymn as high above

All songs in rapture as thou, sovereign Love,

Art high above the other gods in power.

For whatsoever things on earth are fair

Are thine : thou giv'st the flower

Its colours and its sweet,

And in the foot-prints of thy silent feet

The daisies star the prairie, and the shower

Is thine, that steeps the verdure of the mead ;

By thee the steed

Is beautiful, and every noble breed

By thee remains to ages that succeed ;

For thee the antelope is fleet ;



For thee the hornèd bull is strong to breast  
The swollen torrent, bellowing to his herd ;

The painted bird

For thee hath music and to thee addressed,  
And the brief sadness of his dying note  
Is for thy bitter absence and thy pain ;  
Thine is the rapture of his swelling throat,  
And thine my strain.

O fill me once again

With thy lost sweetness now ! As a slow wave  
Laps the dank hollows of a seaworn cave  
In deepest calm, and with prophetic sigh  
Repeats the ceaseless rhythm of the storm,

So let thy pulses warm

Mine inmost soul with high

Hope of the things to be, or wake a vanished form.









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